

The
IRISHMAN'S SONG
Composed by
G. BRISTOW,

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NDANTINO.

mf

The savage loves 'his native shore, Tho' rude the soil and chill the air, Then

p

well may E-rins sons a-dore Their isle which na_ture form'd so fair,

What flood re flects a show so sweet As

mf

ayin

shan_nous great or pastore, band, Or who a friend or foe can meet, so

cren

gen-erous as an I-ri-sh-man, The sa-vage loves his na-tive shore, Tho

ad lib

rude the soil and ehill the air, Then well may e-rins souls a_dore Their

isle which na-ture form'd so fair,

mf *sym*

2nd Verse.

By hon-our bound in woe or weal, What-

ee' she bids he dares to do, Try him with gold it wont prevail, But

eeh in fire you'll find him true; He

seeks not safety— let his post be Where there's saught in dan gers euan, Or

if the field of fame be lost, It wont be by an I_rish_man By

honour bound in woe or weal, What e'er she bids he dares to do, Try

him with gold it wont prevail, But e'er in fire you'll find him true.

3

Erins loved land, from age to age,
 Be thou more great more famed and free,
 May peace be yours, or should you wage
 Defensive wars cheap victory
 May plenty flow in every field,
 And gentle breezes sweetly fan,
 May cheerful smiles serenely glide
 In the brest of evry Irishman,
 Erins loved land, from age to age,

